

## Orange Shadows by aesthetic\_chaoss

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Bottom Steve Harrington, Face-Fucking, Harringrove, M/M, Post!Season 3, Smut, Studying, Top Billy Hargrove, billy has scars, billy reads a book

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-05-14

**Updated:** 2021-05-14

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 00:56:01

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,837

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

The blond pulls his hand from the book he is holding, - Lord of the Flies -, and reaches to push his hair from his face, then runs his fingers through the rest of the length where it ends at his shoulders. He bites his lip subconsciously as he reads, then moves the hand from his hair to turn over the page.

He is completely oblivious to the fact that Steve is staring at him.

Page after page is turned and he still hasn't noticed him. His bottom lip is still in between his teeth as he chews on it, making it all puffy and red. Another thing that seems to drive Steve wild.

Orrrrr Steve finds out that Billy looks really attractive while reading a book.

# Orange Shadows

## Author's Note:

hello there!

i am new to the stranger things fandom and i've fallen hard for harringrove <3  
so here's my first contribution to the fandom! (and the first actual thing i've written in a looong time)

not beta'd so please lemme know if there are any mistakes!

The sun sets lazily in the evening sky, casting orange shadows throughout the room.

Steve is not looking at the shadows of the room, however. His eyes are focused on the shadows and highlights of Billy's toned abdomen. The tanned boy clearly worked out daily, each muscle prominent and defined.

With it being late August, the weather had been consistently hot, no matter how much AC they put on. So, as well as the shadows outlining Billy's abs, there were also several beads of sweat that were falling from his neck and down his chest, then onto those defined abs Steve loves so much. He hardly notices that the scars are even there anymore.

The blond pulls his hand from the book he is holding, - *Lord of the Flies* -, and reaches to push his hair from his face, then runs his fingers through the rest of the length where it ends at his shoulders. He bites his lip subconsciously as he reads, then moves the hand from his hair to turn over the page.

He is completely oblivious to the fact that Steve is staring at him.

Page after page is turned and he still hasn't noticed him. His bottom lip is still in between his teeth as he chews on it, making it all puffy and red. *Another thing that seems to drive Steve wild.*

The radio is playing quietly in the background, currently playing a rock station. This leads Billy to start tapping his foot along with the rhythm. His feet are bare, poking out from the jeans he is wearing; which are actually the only clothes he is wearing.

Steve begins to sweat a little more and he notices his body heat rising, yet he is not doing anything other than sitting on his bed, writing a book report.

Billy begins an explanation about the book he is reading but Steve's not listening, his eyes still too busy soaking in the scene in front of him. Boy, is he glad Billy hates wearing a shirt.

"Steve."

"Steve?"

"Earth to Steve?"

It is only then when Steve finally snaps from his gaze and makes eye contact with Billy.

"Yea, uh, sorry. What?"

Billy rolled his eyes. "This report is due in the first day back at school, and I haven't even started writing yet," He started as he put his bookmark in, his long eyelashes glistening with tiny beads of sweat as he glanced down towards the blank paper in front of him. "And you promised to help me get it finished as soon as possible, but I cannot get a single word out your mouth, Harrington. What planet are you on?"

Billy seemed mad, a light red blush forming on his cheeks as a mild panic starts setting in. Yes, he is proud to be the 'bad boy' of Hawkins High School, but he also *really* cares if he fails a class. He wants to exceed in life and not have to just *make do*. He doesn't need A's, a C + is enough; enough to pass without worry.

"I'm sorry Billy, it's the heat. My brain is fried," Steve said with a sigh, while hoping Billy doesn't notice his flushed cheeks and the bulge appearing in his shorts.

Who knew Billy Hargrove would be so attractive while reading a book?

Billy was still staring at the brunet, waiting for a proper answer.

But Steve couldn't say anymore, his mouth agape as he watched Billy's hair fall from his shoulders, strand by strand, as the blond leaned forward towards him. He blinked his deep blue eyes at him several times while raising a brow. That is when he looked down from Steve's face, and then the clear erection he had, caught his eye.

"Aha..." A mischievous grin formed on Billy's freckled face, showing his pointed teeth.

*"Oh god."* Steve gulped; *he had found it.*

"You didn't tell me you were suffering from a little... problem?" Billy's grin only seemed to get wider.

The two had been in a 'sort of' relationship for a few months now, but Steve is still shy around him.

Billy noticing his erection only made him more aroused, his parted lips becoming red and wanting. He shifted uncomfortably in his shorts to try to cover it, but it was too late. Billy swept their school books to the side and leaned in closer to him.

"What is it, huh? Maybe you want my cock inside you again...?" Billy almost whispered, the low hush of his voice giving Steve chills.

Steve couldn't find the words to reply, his mouth still hanging agape, but the blush on his cheeks was intensifying and started to travel down his neck and onto his chest. Billy wet his lips as he leaned even closer to Steve and whispered, just audibly, *"I know you want me, why*

*don't you just admit it, Harrington?"*

Steve let out a breath he didn't realise he was holding.

Gosh, he was horny.

Billy was smirking again, his face mere inches from Steve's own.

The blond looked at him deep in the eyes and before he had time to react, Steve had pushed his lips against his, bringing the two into a deep, rough kiss.

Billy doesn't hesitate to take back control and pushes his hand roughly up Steve's thigh, making the latter shudder. He forces Steve to lay down and hastily climbs on top of him, all while still kissing him. The silver chain he has round his neck hangs towards Steve's chest and then hits his chin. The kiss is hot, hard, and breathless, each of them taking in as much air as they can in between kisses. Steve now has his one hand deep in Billy's hair while the other is gripping onto his chest.

Billy rolls his body into Steve's, grinding their hips together. Steve can feel how hard Billy has become and he moans subconsciously into his mouth. Billy grins again and pulls apart. He wants to watch Steve's face. He rolls his body into the brunet again, and just as he wanted, Steve's face is plastered in pleasure as his eyes roll into the back of his head and another moan escapes his abused lips.

The blond chuckles lightly. Something about watching Steve come undone gave him a *thrill*.

Billy sat upon Steve's lap, his ass sitting firmly against Steve's hard on.

Steve looked up at Billy, but he wished he didn't. His freckled skin was red and slightly blotchy in places from pure arousal. His lips red and throbbing from the kissing and his toned chest glistening with sweat. It looked like he had rubbed oil over himself. Billy shook his head from side to side to get all the hair off his shoulders and then looked at Steve in the eyes. He licked his lips hungrily as he noticed how intensely Steve was watching him.

The two were still a little breathless from the barrage of kisses, their chest heaving in time with one another.

“I wanna drive you crazy.” Billy rasped. Steve gulped hard as a chill ran up his spine.

*“And I know you’ll fucking love it.”*

At this point, Steve cannot wait any longer. He needs Billy inside him now.

He starts whining as he tries to pull Billy closer, but the blond has other ideas.

“Be patient Harrington.”

Steve huffs.

“I will fuck you tonight and that’s a promise.”

Underneath him, Steve is writhing. He is fairly sure he has never been this hard before.

Billy leans down and captures his lips in a chaste kiss while running his fingers through Steve’s hair. The sudden change of pace has Steve confused but he enjoys it, nonetheless. Billy pulls away only to lean down again swiftly, but this time targeting Steve’s exposed neck. He plants kisses and bite marks all along the sensitive areas, leaving bright red marks on his skin.

Steve feels hot all over.

As he starts moaning out loud, Billy moves from his neck to his shoulders, pulling his shirt down slightly to have better access. Steve’s moans seem to be getting louder as Billy bites down harder, leaving a bruise.

He sits up again and pulls Steve up with him. The two stop touching for a brief moment before Billy is taking Steve’s shirt off, and then within seconds, his mouth is back to Steve’s skin, making even more red marks.

Steve arches his back and moans again. He can't seem to control himself; especially when Billy's mouth is on him. It's hot and warm, but also vicious and exciting. Each kiss is wet, and each bite is sharp, but Steve loves it. He loves being claimed by Billy.

"I'll make sure you'll never forget me," Billy growled before sucking hard on his collarbone. He was sure that one was gonna bruise.

Steve couldn't feel his body anymore. Just tingles all over. Billy stopped kissing his neck and look up at him, breathless.

"I want you," Steve whispered as he felt his cock throb under his shorts.

Without words, Billy reached down to start palming Steve's cock through his shorts. Steve gasped and held his breath in his throat. That felt *too* good. He exhaled with a moan and threw his head back, his exposed neck becoming the target of Billy's mouth once again.

"Billy... I-I,"

"Shhh..."

"B-but I-"

Billy moved his hand away and the look Steve had on his face looked as if he were about to cry.

The two caught eye contact before Billy pushed Steve back onto the bed and removed his shorts, releasing his aching cock from its cloth prison.

Steve felt too embarrassed to look at Billy any longer and turned his head towards the wall. He then noticed he could see Billy's shadow on the wall. He saw his tongue snake out of his mouth to wet his lips before he leaned down and took Steve's length into his mouth. Steve gasped in pleasure, and yet couldn't close his eyes. In the shadow, he could see Billy bobbing his head up and down as he sucked his cock. Steve gripped the pillow he was lying on to prevent him from grabbing Billy's head and fucking his face, cause god that's what he needed.

Little breathless moans came out of Steve's lips as he tried to hold back his orgasm as cumming this quickly would be way too embarrassing. He still couldn't keep his eyes off the shadow in front of him; watching Billy's head as he pleased him. That is when he made the mistake of moving his head from the wall down to Billy's actual face.

Billy looked up at Steve through his long lashes, the blue of his eyes sparkling as the sun hit them. His tongue kept licking Steve's cock lazily and his mouth was in the perfect O shape around his tip.

Their eyes met.

And that's when Steve couldn't hold it in anymore and came, mostly on Billy's face and some in his mouth.

Steve had let out a strained moan as he came, keeping his eyes on Billy's face as he watched himself cum all over him.

Billy smirked as he sat up, covered in cum. He reached over and picked a cloth from Steve's side table and cleaned his face while Steve just lay in the same position, trying to catch his breath.

"That was so quick Harrington. Guess you really did need me." Billy laughed and stood up, undoing his belt, and dropping it to the floor. He unbuttoned his jeans and dropped those to the floor, too. His underwear following them.

A more furious flush spread over Steve's body as he turned to see Billy naked, a wanton look present on his face.

Billy was *well hung*. A soft curve showing itself even when hard.

He strode over to the side of the bed Steve was lying on and stood with his cock inches from his face.

"Suck it for me."

Steve didn't even hesitate and took the end in immediately. He had propped himself up on his elbow and used the other hand to hold onto the base of the blond's thick cock, his thumb stroking the shaft gently as his tongue danced around the tip. Billy leaned his head



back and let out a low groan. He placed both his hands on Steve's head and gripped into his hair. He started to guide Steve's head and soon enough he was fucking his face. With each thrust, he pushed his head closer and closer to the base of his cock. Steve looked up to meet eyes with Billy, his chocolate eyes watery from the gagging he'd been doing from having Billy's length down his throat.

Billy pulled away from Steve in one swift motion, a string of spit trailing from the brunet's lips to his cock as it bounced slightly with the loss of support.

Steve was still sat with his mouth agape, his cock getting uncomfortably hard again.

"Bend over," Billy growled.

Within seconds, Steve was bent over, on his hands and knees. Another blush came over him at how exposed he felt but he couldn't help doing everything that Billy told him. *And he loved it.*

Billy spat onto his hand and moved closer to Steve, using the spit for lubrication. He entered a finger into him roughly before adding a second, hardly giving Steve any time to adjust. Steve tensed up and let out a groan. Billy scissored his fingers for a few seconds before pulling them out and spitting on his hand again, this time he rubbed it onto his cock, mixing it with the remains from Steve's mouth.

Steve held his breath as he knew what was coming.

Using one hand he held Steve's ass cheeks apart and with the other, he helped guide his cock inside, in one, swift movement.

Steve moaned as he felt himself stretch to Billy's size and he arched his back.

Billy took his hand from Steve's ass to smack it, leaving a red handprint mark. Steve's body starts shaking before his arms give way and fall underneath him, his face now pressed firmly into the bed while his ass is up in the air.

“You like that, huh?”

Steve just moaned in reply.

Billy's thrusts were rhythmic and hypnotic. Steve couldn't focus on anything else other than the feeling of Billy inside him and the occasional sharp pain from Billy's hand on his ass.

“This is what you wanted.”

His thrusts became harder.

*“You wanted me to fuck your tight lil ass just like the princess you are.”*

His pace quickened and Steve couldn't stop moaning. Billy hitting his sweet spot with every thrust.

“C'mon pretty boy, tell me how you like it. Tell me how much you'd love my cock to fill you up.”

Steve still couldn't say anything in between moans. His mind going completely blank through the pleasure. Despite the rising temperature of the room, neither of the two seemed to care.

“Fucking tell me, Steve, otherwise I won't let you cum again.”

Billy was starting to lose rhythm as he felt his own orgasm creeping up. The rock music still playing in the background helping him keep up the pace. He's swaying his head side to side with the beat of the music. His tongue keeps poking out his mouth in waves as he fucks harder and harder. He's losing it.

“Harrington...!”

“Y-yes Billy.”

Steve finally snaps out of his trance and feels how desperate Billy's thrusts are.

“This is all I've wanted, Billy. I want you.. I-I want you to cum in me.”

“What’s the magic word?”

“Pl-Ple—”

“Oh,”

“Please-!!”

Billy lets out a few huffs and repositions so his hand can push Steve’s head further into the bed.

“Please Billy, please...” Steve begged, his voice muffled by the sheets below him.

“Ohh shit..” Billy bites his lip as he tries not to cum, but he’s unable to slow down his thrusts, and so he came, hot strings of cum filling Steve but he still keeps thrusting. He lets out a long, low growl as his thrusts get sloppy. He reaches his hand around Steve’s waist to try to help Steve cum again, but only one stroke on his cock is enough and he was cumming again.

Both of their bodies are shaking with pleasure and exhaustion. Billy pulls out abruptly and lays down beside Steve, both breathless.

The two take a minute or two to try and catch their breath.

Steve turns and rests his head on Billy’s shoulder, it’s sticky with sweat but he’s not surprised. He looks up and manages to catch eye contact with Billy. *He’s so beautiful.* He almost can’t believe that this is his reality now.

“Fuck.” Billy breathed, his chest heaving as his heart hammered against his ribs.

“Definitely, fuck.” Steve smiled, still trying to catch his breath.

“Maybe now we can finish my book report,” Billy teased before letting out a breathless laugh, Steve joining him.

## **Author's Note:**

hope you liked it!

i am open to request prompts for harringrove so  
please feel free to send them over <3

hit me up

tumblr: [aestheticchaos.tumblr.com](https://aestheticchaos.tumblr.com)

twitter: [twitter.com/aestheticchaos4](https://twitter.com/aestheticchaos4)

sending much love ♥